

Cornell University Utilizes Water Power



Cornell university has one of the finest hydraulic laboratories in the country. The plant is located down a gorge a few hundred feet from a dam thrown across Beed lake. The water is conveyed by pen trough from the dam at the left through the tunnel to the right. A masonry structure pressed against the hill is the hydraulic laboratory proper. This plant generates electric power for the entire university.

Building a Roof in Sumatra



This carpenter of Sumatra, building the roof of a dwelling, probably is not thinking of striking for higher wages because of the increased cost of clothing.

Steward of the President's Yacht



This is T. Shiro, a Japanese, who has been steward of the President's yacht Mayflower for ten years. With him are his children, Josephine and Eugene.

Yuan's Sons in American College



The four sons and grandson of Yuan Shih Kai, second president of the Chinese republic, who are receiving their first taste of American school life at Middlebury college, Middlebury, Vt., are delighted with American customs, and have entered heartily into participation in outdoor sports, skiing appealing more to them than any other sport.

OFFICER TELLS OF BALLOON TRIP

Naval Officers Lost to the World for Twenty-Nine Days.

ARE FOUND BY AN INDIAN

Wandered Four Days in the Dense Woods and Were on Verge of Death When Rescued—Thrilling Story of Trip Told by an Officer.

Mattice, Ont.—The three American naval officers, Lieuts. Hinton, Farrell and Kloor, who abandoned their wrecked balloon near Moose Factory on the shore of James bay on Dec. 14, arrived safely here. The following story of the balloon trip of the airmen was told by Lieut. Stephen Farrell:

Lieut. Farrell's story of the flight and wanderings of the trio begins with the morning hours in Rockaway naval air station on December 13 and goes on through the flight, the landing, and up to the meeting with the Indian at Moose Factory who saved their lives.

"It was just an ordinary balloon hop," Farrell began. "It was for training. Hinton told me after we left that the gas in the balloon was ten days old, stale and impure. 'Hinton called me up at about twenty minutes to 12 (December 13) and told me I could come on flight if I wanted to. No special orders are needed. We just got permission from Commander Cummings of the post and Executive Officer Douglas.

"I am senior officer of the three, but Kloor was in command of the flight, as he is a balloon officer and I am a gunnery officer. I have been in aviation for three years and have flown in every kind of aircraft. We left at 1 p. m.

Left With Four Pigeons.

"We had four pigeons; we let the first one go with a message for the Brooklyn navy yard.

"Hinton and Kloor had heavy underwear and uniforms under their flying suits. I had only the underwear and the flying suit. I had a grip with my uniform and some other things in it. We had eight sandwiches and two thermos bottles of hot coffee. None of the underwear was electrically heated.

"We expected to land next morning in upper New York state. We had no maps or charts except a railroad map of the Canadian Quebec Central line, which I bought. We had three chances to land before we did. We did stop once at Wells, N. Y.

"We made fast to a tree near a light. It was in a window of a farmhouse. A man came along and we asked him where we were. He told us, but he could not say what big town we were near.

Kloor Game to Go On.

"We cast loose and went up again. It rained and blew during the night. We could have landed at Ottawa at 11 p. m. We saw the lights of a big city. But Kloor is just a kid and he was enthusiastic about a long flight. We all agreed that we ought to do a decent flight. There had been rain from Wells on.

"The wind was north by west. That night it blew hard and rained. There was no sign of civilization. But we thought it would be all right in the morning. At daylight we saw only forests. The rain had calmed down. There were low clouds and fog.

"The rain stopped at 8 a. m. (December 14). We ate all our food during the night. We had two packages of cigarettes and one box of matches, but you cannot smoke in a hydrogen balloon. We realized we were in bad that morning."

"At 11 a. m. the sun came out and heated up the gas in the balloon; that makes the gas expand and sends the balloon up.

"We were fighting to keep in the air. All we saw was trees, lakes, and snow. It was about 1:30 p. m. that we saw a shack in the woods. At least we thought it was a shack. We were in doubt about this until we heard a dog bark.

"I took bearings with the compass on the shack and the place where the dog barked. We decided to land. We were in low clouds about 1,000 feet high. The wind was north by west, the sun had been heating up our bag and we began to go up. We reached 6,500 feet. It takes a long time to go from that height.

Make a Bad Landing.

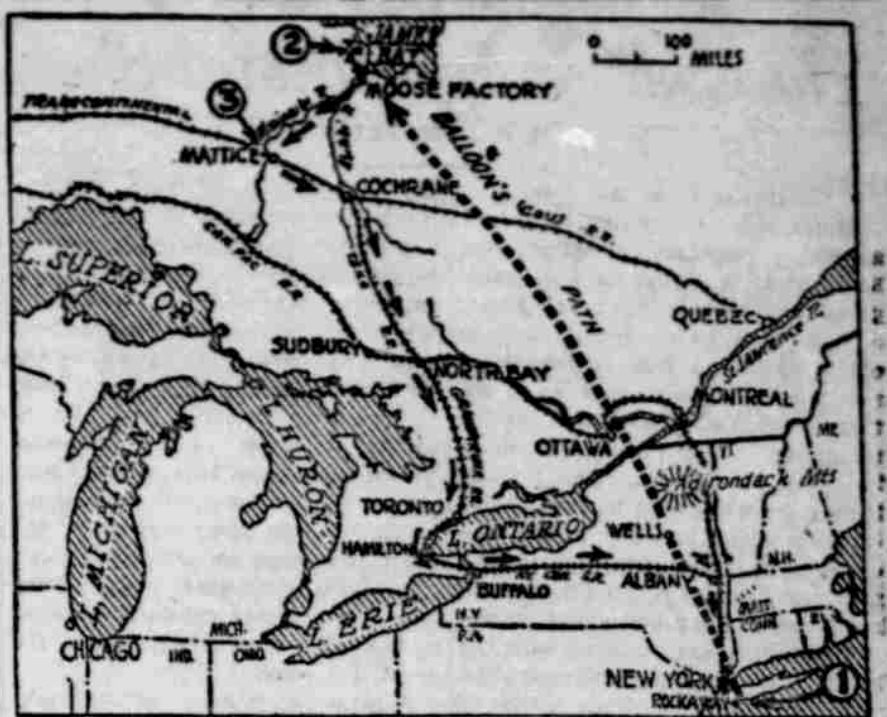
"The clouds were below us and above us. We got down about two o'clock. It was a bad landing and we were pretty badly shaken up. We were not hurt or thrown out, but the basket was smashed against the ground.

"The balloon caught between the trees. We had taken the pigeons into the basket to protect them from the landing. Usually they ride in a cage tied outside of the basket. The weather was clear and nearly freezing.

"All three of us stepped out of the basket in our flying clothes. I took the grip. We were soaking wet. Kloor took the pigeon cage. We started off at a terrific pace to get where the dog barked. We did not stop to inspect the balloon. From the bearings I took in the balloon we figured the dog to be south by east from us.

Start on Long Trek.

"We started through the forest on that line. I carried my grip for one



1—The three balloonists left Rockaway, N. Y., about noon on December 13. A storm caught them, night came down, and they were driven far to the north. 2—After drifting all night and the next morning, the three descended on the shores of James bay, in the wilds of Canada. They had made the 800 mile trip in a little over twenty-four hours, and during this time they had seen but little, except the storm clouds below them. They wandered four days in the woods, and on December 18 were led into Moose Factory by an Indian, when they were on the verge of death. They left there December 28 for the 200-mile trip to the railroad at Mattice.

3—On January 11 the three, with their guides, reached Mattice, on the transcontinental railroad. They had come 300 miles through woods and snow. This trip ordinarily takes eleven days or more. They were lost to the world for 29 days in all.

day. We went on until dark and made a fire. I smoked two cigarettes while we rested; so did Kloor. Hinton did not smoke.

"We did not eat that day; we carried the pigeons until the next day. There was some snow on the ground, so we got a lot of pine brush to lie on and I picked a lot of rotten wood with my penknife. We had no firearms—only the knife and the box of matches.

"Hinton went on a little to find a stream. While he was gone he laid off his flying suit to make better headway and he could not find it on his way back.

"That night I slept next to Hinton. He was next to the fire. I was on the outside. Kloor lay off to one side and slept. We got on fine together in the forest. Hinton and I didn't sleep. We got up at daylight.

They Eat First Pigeon.

"We ate a pigeon that morning, December 15. We cleaned a pigeon and cooked it. We divided it in three parts, a couple of mouthfuls apiece. We drank water out of moose tracks and holes in the ground. That is what probably made me sick the next day. We started off, I carrying my grip.

"We came to a creek that day (the Indians call this stream the Nesco-haga). Hinton was leading and kept moving too far to the west.

"I proposed to him to go southeast. In 30 minutes we got to the creek, which was not frozen over, so we had to follow the bank. We camped again in good shape. I, for one, was not very hungry, but we were cold when we stopped walking.

"We had made a fire and rested at noon, but we did not eat in order to conserve food. We argued about where we were. I figured it somewhere in the woods in Canada, but wasn't sure.

How They Were Garbed.

"At that time I was still in my flying suit, Hinton in uniform and Kloor in uniform and flying suit. We all wore flying boots. My grip kept getting foul of trees, so I threw it away at ten o'clock, but took care to put it in a tree. Before that I got my good English shoes out of the grip and put them on and threw away my flying boots, which were pretty near gone.

"I did not make more than four miles the first day nor more than seven or eight the second day. Our night camp was on the creek. We did not eat. During the day we all nibbled a bit of a kind of moss we found growing around.

"We were not cheerful. We began to dread that this dog barking proposition was a kind of phoney. There were so many noises. I figure now it was a wolf barking. We saw a lot of wolf tracks.

Youngest Flyer Prays.

"Kloor told us he had been praying—not out loud, but just to himself. I'm not much on religion; I didn't pray. No more than I made a proposition they should dine off me.

"Hinton and I discussed our course while Kloor was praying. We had to admit we were in a pretty serious jam and felt pretty blue. But when we quit we had a hunch that the third day was going to be lucky.

"We ate the second pigeon and killed the other one the morning of the third day—December 16. Kloor put the dead pigeon in his pocket. We did this to do away with the cage.

"During the night Hinton and Kloor got their feet in the fire. Now their flying shoes were burned and they had to throw them away and walk in uniform boots. My shoes were in the best shape.

Hikers Growing Weak.

"We were all growing weak and fell a lot in holes and over trees. Hinton was very weak. I felt like vomiting. Hinton was nauseated, his stomach was very bad, but our heads were as clear as they are right now.

"If we had had a definite object we could have gone fifty or a hundred miles without so much distress. We saw so much of the same sort of woods that it appeared we were not going anywhere. But we were not going in circles because we were steered by the compass zigzagging through the wood. That counted against us.

"I began to lag behind pretty much and Hinton suggested that I take off my flying suit. I did, and walked in my underclothing the rest of the trip.

"Hinton wrapped my suit around him as a sort of blanket. Just before noon I had a nasty fall over a tree trunk into a hole three feet deep. I was bruised and scratched but I got up alone.

Hunch Fails to Help Out.

"We didn't eat at noon and made fire and warmed up and started off again all together. We were pretty blue when we camped the third night. Our hunch about the third being the lucky day flattered.

"Hinton said, 'Let's write some letters and put them in our pockets,' but I said, 'No, we'll have plenty of time to do that.'

"Hinton could hardly hold his head up. It was very cold and it sure was our worst night. We slept again with Hinton near the fire and me on the outside. I had the flying suit on, but it was too cold to lie still, and I would get up often.

"When I did Hinton did too, and we would both sit near the fire for a while. Kloor slept fine, almost in the fire. He kept getting his feet in the fire and we would have to pull them out.

"Next morning we kidded the kid—that's what we called Kloor—and told him he had been hogging the fire. Hinton had the matches, because he knows how to light a fire. We were careful with the matches. We would go stiff when it took Hinton two matches to get the fire going.

Trio in Bad Shape.

"Kloor had lots of pep after his night's sleep and Hinton was in bad shape. I was a bit better off than Hinton, but not much. We started off without food along the bank of the creek. I had a hunch that night might have frozen up the creek and I left them to go down and try it out."

"The distance covered that afternoon was not more than three miles. Next day (Thursday) almost the same story was repeated at nightfall, their distance from the 'hypothetical' village being still as undetermined as when they made their landing.

"Friday proved to be the lucky day. In the morning Tom Marks, a Cree Indian trapper, who was inspecting his traps on the outskirts of the settlement of Moose Factory, an island in the bottom of James bay, noticed tracks which he judged to have been made by three white men. His curiosity getting the better of the native Indian timidity in the presence of the unusual, Marks followed up the tracks until early in the afternoon he came upon the three balloonists.

Kloor's Story of Trip.

"The first days out were the worst," said Lieutenant Kloor, describing their experiences. "We had practiced walking with snowshoes at Moose Factory while we were there and thought we were experts with them, but after going a day on the trail changed our minds. It was quite stormy, too, and the first week we were out we encountered three severe blizzards.

"On Sunday a week ago it became so bad we were compelled to retrace our steps for more than a mile. We also found that the dogs we had with us were inadequate for the load we were carrying and had to send back for more. The weather, however, was not very cold. We had lots of moose meat to eat and I think we are all feeling fine."

"What scientific values to be derived from your trip?" was asked.

"The main scientific fact demonstrated," replied Kloor, "is that a balloon of 35,000 cubic feet capacity can remain in the air for more than twelve hours. We were in the air for twenty-five hours and could have remained there longer. Further than that I think nothing ought to be said until we report to our superiors."

Dogs Hail the Arrival.

Kloor, a blue-eyed, ruddy young fellow who looked to be in the pink of condition, was the first to arrive. He came whirling around the bend of the Mississippi into the town, riding on the dog sled, with Sam Sainsbury, Toronto explorer, who had gone to meet him.

"I feel fine. We're all all right. Ah I ask is that I get to a fire," he said.